

ST. ANNES MYSTERY: INQUEST REVELATIONS

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[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

GALE'S FURY: PRANKS PLAYED BY EXPRESS WIND



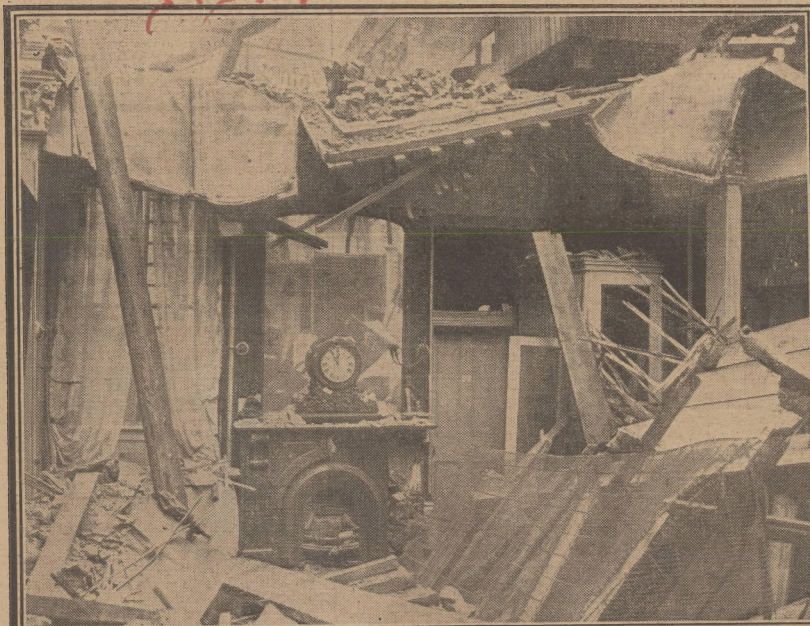
A London store plate-glass window blown in.



One of the famous chestnuts in Bushey Park uprooted by the wind. These fine old trees have suffered severely.



"We shan't lack fresh air with a big 'window' like this." A wall collapse at Pier Hotel, Eastbourne.



The commercial room, showing the clock, which stopped at the moment of the collapse.



A tree in Holloway-road which was blown down.



The excessive rains caused a bulge at Mount Pleasant.

The gale which swept over the British Isles from the Atlantic played some strange tricks. In London it reached its height in the early hours of yesterday morning, attaining a speed of fifty miles an hour, and during its wild career it did great damage. Chim-

ney pots came toppling into the streets, trees were uprooted, the Bushey Park chestnuts suffered severely, and so great was the noise that few Londoners got much sleep. The Pier Hotel, Eastbourne, suffered very badly.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN'S FATE IN SANDHILLS.

Inquest Story of Mrs. Breaks' Bullet Wounds.

EX-OFFICER CHARGED.

Discovery of Stained Gloves—Sale of a Revolver.

From Our Own Correspondent.

BLACKPOOL, Monday.

Considerable interest was aroused by the adjourned inquest at Lytham to-day on Mrs. Kathleen Elsie Breaks, the beautiful young Bradford woman whose body was found on the sandhills at St. Anne's the day before Christmas.

The dead woman, whose age was twenty-five, had been living apart from her husband. Forty witnesses will be called.

A large crowd, mainly of women, besieged the court to-day. Before the inquest began Frederick Rothwell Holt, aged thirty-one, of Fairhaven, an ex-captain, Royal Lancashire Regiment, made a further brief appearance at the police court on a charge of causing the death of Mrs. Breaks and was remanded until Wednesday.

Holt attended the inquest.

FOUND ON THE SANDS.

Left-Hand Blood-Stained Glove Belonging to a Man Picked Up.

John Edward Gillett, a farmer, said he found the body of Mrs. Breaks on the sands and informed the police. Later in the day his brother picked up on the sands a blood-stained left-hand glove belonging to a man.

Police-Constable Dixon said there were no signs of a struggle. A handbag bearing the name and address of Mrs. Breaks and containing several articles was found near the body.

Among the papers taken possession of by the constable were a letter headed "Holcombe, and signed "Eric," another dated December 23 and signed "Tom," a third signed "F. R. Holt," and another addressed to "Dear Tom" and signed "Elsie."

Dr. A. C. Elliott, police surgeon at St. Anne's, said, in company with Dr. Blair, he later made a post-mortem examination. The body was that of a well-built woman. A bullet was found in the left thigh.

There was a lacerated wound on the left cheek bone, extending upwards to the upper corner of the left eye. That proved the track of a bullet.

There was also an entry of a bullet at the back of the left side of the head behind the ear, passing downwards, and emerging under the chin on the right side. The bullet cut the carotid artery.

The doctor said he thought the bullet wounds were all sustained while the woman was lying down.

On December 26 he examined Holt, and found four small scratches on the left cheek and one long one on the right wrist.

Mr. Callis: The one on the wrist might be done by a dog.

Dr. Blair said he had formed the opinion that a blunt instrument blow was struck first. He thought she was stunned from the first blow.

SALE OF A REVOLVER.

Dramatic Story by Former Gunsmith of Transaction With an Officer in 1914.

James Herbert Burrows, a retired gunsmith, who, previous to the war, had been in business in Preston, said that he found an entry in his sales book for August 14, 1914, for a revolver of central fire action sold to a man who signed "F. R. Holt, Lt., 4th Loyal North Lancs Regt."

Other entries made by witness respecting the sale were the figures 99,362, followed by "R.I.C.," which meant that the revolver bore that number and was of the R.I.C. pattern.

Mr. Burrows said the revolver was numbered on the cylinder or frame. He could not trace any number on the revolver produced.

He was asked to take off the handle and, having unsecured it, he said there was on the handle strap the number 99,362. That was the number of the revolver he sold to a customer who gave the name of Holt.

William Henderson, manager of the Lytham branch of the London Joint City and Midland Bank, said that Holt had an account at the bank until recently.

He produced cheques drawn by Holt in favour of Kathleen or K. E. Breaks for £5 on June 26 and on subsequent dates for £5, £20, £100, £20, £10, £5 and £10, the last being on December 22.

At the time of his arrest, said witness, Holt was overdrawn to the extent of about £1,250, but there were securities to cover the overdraft.

After further evidence the Court adjourned until to-day.

EXPLOSIVES IN COAL.

At Yatrad (Glam.) yesterday William Williams, fifty-six, collier, was fined for putting explosives into a train of coal.

All efforts to trace the train in question have failed, and the coal is believed to have been shipped.

The Stipendiary remarked that it would probably result in explosions in grates or in boilers being blown up.

CHILD DETECTIVE.

What Little Hanwell Girl Saw from Window—Receiver Arrested.

GUINEA FROM CHAIRMAN.

A little Hanwell girl, Doris Mabbott, has been rewarded for a brilliant piece of detective work which led to the arrest and conviction of a receiver of stolen property.



Doris Mabbott.

From her bedroom window in Shakespeare-road Doris saw a man gazing at jewellery in one hand while he scraped mud from his boots with the other.

She spoke to a police sergeant, who arrested the man, and Doris, aged twelve, Dixon was sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour at Middlesex Sessions yesterday for receiving stolen property, the proceeds of Hanwell burglaries.

The chairman presented a guinea to Doris as a reward for her help to the police.

For some time Doris, while standing behind a curtain of an upper window, had been watching the man in the garden of the next house," said Mrs. Mabbott, the mother of Doris, to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

She thought his actions were so suspicious that she informed the police sergeant.

TRIBUTE TO DEAD HERO.

Carnegie Recognition of Lieutenant Wood for Next-of-Kin?

An inquest on Lieutenant Wood, the gallant young South African airman who lost his life following injuries received in rescuing a woman from the Thames at Hamersmith, will be held by the Middlesex coroner to-morrow.

Lieutenant Wood had arranged to leave England yesterday for his home in South Africa. The young officer had been recommended for recognition by the Carnegie Hero Fund for his self-sacrificing act, and although he has not lived to see the result the probability is that some bestowal will be made on the next of kin.

CHASING THE BELL.

Hustle Tune at Charing Cross Proves To Be Klaxon Music After All.

It was reported yesterday that the new District Bus hustler at Charing Cross Station was armed with a bell and not a booter. I went in search of the alleged bell, writes a correspondent.

They told me that a new bell had come to town, that it was to be found at Charing Cross, where it was turning the platform of the District station into a steeplechase course.

"Where's the bell?" I asked blundly of the first man I saw at Charing Cross. What bell? he wanted to know. Did I mean the Margate Belle or the Belle of New York?

Then I saw a smart young man with a notebook and a stop-watch standing on a raised platform and watching the trains to see that they did not stop still until everybody was comfortably inside. He admitted that he was the newest Underground hustler, just the same as the man at Victoria, and he assumed to call it might wait for quite a long time before he used his klaxon.

I beat a retreat upstairs. As I reached the top the klaxon shrieked horribly, and an elderly man who had been sitting back and suddenly and trod on my toes. That is all the bell I saw.

JUDGE'S DILEMMA.

Colour B'ndness Alleged in Suit Over Silk Dress—Saxe Blue or Green?

Dyed or not dyed, was the question which Judge Bray had to decide at the Bloomsbury County Court yesterday.

A young woman sued a firm of dyers for eight guineas, the value of a silk dress, which had been dyed to the defendant's order to be black. The dress was produced in court, and plaintiff said she wanted it dyed a saxe blue, but it was green.

Mr. W. de B. Herbert, counsel for the defendants, said they were all more or less colour blind.

Judge Bray, after examining the dress, said he did not think it was dyed satisfactorily because there was one defective patch on the back.

He said he could not allow the full amount for the dress, and suggested that plaintiff should take it back.

Plaintiff: Cannot I have my costs?

The Judge: You have not to pay for the dyeing.

FRESH OFFER TO MOULDERS.

A conference between employers and men, with the object of ending the moulders' strike, held yesterday in York, is stated to have resulted in a decision on the men's side to call a conference of delegates from each branch.

It is understood that fresh proposals were made to the men, but both sides decline to divulge them.

PRINCE AS GOLFER.

Admits He Wanted Lessons "Very Badly"—That Sixth Hole!

500 HANDSHAKES.

The Prince of Wales and Prince Albert had a hand-shaking ordeal last night when they were amongst the guests at the Canada Club dinner at the Savoy Hotel.

Their Royal Highnesses shook hands with each of the guests, who numbered nearly 500.

The Prince of Wales, who had a remarkable reception on rising to reply to the toast of his health, the gathering singing, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," said people had asked him lately what part of Canada he liked best. "That," said the Prince, "is a question which is impossible for me to answer, not only for diplomatic reasons, but because I just don't know!" (Laughter.)

Referring to a remark by the chairman (Sir George Perley) in connection with a game of golf, during his Canadian visit, the Prince remarked: "Sir George was quite right when he said I was taking lessons from the professional. I wanted them very badly. I would like to ask Sir George something about the sixth hole on the course at St. Andrews."

Continuing, the Prince said that the progressive spirit which he found in Canada was very catching. He felt sure that the same spirit that he found in Canada he was going to find in Australia and in New Zealand.

The British Empire had always been a very great part in the history of the world, and it was destined to play an even greater part, and he might say in the immediate future.

The part we played and the example we showed depended upon British spirit. Every man and woman in the British Empire had got to do their very best, and to do it as they had never done it before. (Cheers.)

His March Tour.—The Prince is motoring to Sandringham to-day; it is practically certain that the Prince will leave in the Renown about the middle of March for his tour of the Tropics, and the route will include a passage through the Panama Canal.

BORSTAL DRAMA.

Two Youths Sent for Trial—Story That "Escape Had Been Planned."

The two youths, Frederick Cullender, alias Smith, and William Scott, inmates of the Borstal Institution, were charged at Rochester yesterday with the murder of Edward Adams, a warder, on January 2.

Walter Cottam, a Borstal inmate who occupied one of the cells, said that on the evening of January 2 he heard a bang.

On looking through the gas-box he saw Smith pass towards the officer's desk. Someone else was close to Smith. He thought it was Scott.

The story of the arrest was told by Constable Hubbard and Sergeant Emptage, of the Kent Constabulary. Smith was captured at midnight at Burham, four miles from Rochester, and told Sergeant Emptage that the escape had been planned by the two youths.

He said to Superintendent Ford, of West Malling: "I did not mean to kill him."

The Bench committed both prisoners for trial at the assizes.

CINEMA HOLD-UP.

Hearing of Shooting Case Comes to Abrupt End—Prosecutor Absent.

A further adjournment had to be made in the case at Kingston yesterday in which Charles Phillips, aged twenty, of 2, Westcliff-cottages, Hawks-road, Norbiton, a discharged soldier, was charged with attempting to murder Ernest Young, a cinematograph operator, of Moring-road, Tooting, by shooting at him at the Kingston Picture Theatre.

The prosecutor failed to appear, and a witness named Thompson was absent.

The Bench agreed with the prosecuting counsel that it was necessary for the two absent witnesses to appear, and if at all necessary a warrant would be granted in order to secure the attendance of these two witnesses.

PRISON FOR MILKSELLER.

Ex-Town Councillor and Assistant Fined £100 Each for Watered Milk.

A fine of £100 and three months' imprisonment in the second division was the sentence passed yesterday at Doncaster on Walter Thomas Scott, a milkman, and on the former town councillor, convicted of selling adulterated milk.

His assistant, Louisa Birley, was fined £100. One sample of milk contained 44.4 per cent. of added water.

The defendants had been convicted twice previously.

HON. E. HARMSWORTH, M.P., MARRIED.

The marriage took place yesterday of the Hon. Edward Harmsworth, M.P., son of Viscount and Viscountess Rothermere, and Miss Hannah Redhead, daughter of the late Mr. William Redhead and Janet, Lady Ligon.

The ceremony took place at St. John's Church, Bromley, in Kent, and was performed by the Rev. Canon Barker, cousin of the bride.

The bride was given away by Mr. Robert Redhead and the best man was Mr. Leo d'Eranger.

HOW A SINGER WAS "HELD TO RANSOM."

Agreed To Be "Hostage" in Resort About Which He Sang.

A MONTE CARLO FILM.

A remarkable story of a film party's experience was told at Clerkenwell County Court yesterday, when John C. Bee Mason, of Upper Clapton, N.E., sued W. J. Corrie-Jones, of Bloomsbury, for £98 as balance of salary due.

Mr. Horace Fenton, for plaintiff, said Mr. Bee Mason was a cinematograph photographer. Defendant was interested in the production of films, and arranged with Mr. Thomas Watts to produce three films, including "The Man who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo."

Plaintiff was engaged by Mr. Watts as photographer at £15 a week. The company of artists, which included Mr. Charles Coburn, arrived at Monte Carlo, where work on the film began. In time, money and films ran short.

Belief was brought by Mr. Charles Coburn, who was brought to the court by Mr. Corrie-Jones, that Mr. Coburn, continued counsel, was the artist who for many years had sung the famous song, and it was strange that he should himself get stranded at Monte Carlo, the place where he attained such fame in his song!

£200 HOTEL BILL.

Story of a Visit to London to Get Films and Some Money.

Plaintiff, in evidence, said Mr. Watts sent one of the artists back to London to see Mr. Corrie-Jones to get film and money. There was no result, and Mr. Watts went himself.

By this time the hotel bill amounted to between £200 and £300.

Counsel: Why didn't you come back on August 12?—I was acting on the instructions of Mr. Watts, the producer.

You were there five or six weeks. What happened to the film?—The hotel people declined to let us take it away.

Defendant applied for an adjournment, in order that he might be legally represented.

Judge Scully said he would grant an adjournment on condition that defendant paid the amount of the claim into court within seven days.

THREE-CORNERED FIGHT.

Sir Walter de Frece Adopted by Ashton-under-Lyne Conservatives.

Sir Walter de Frece was publicly adopted by Ashton-under-Lyne Conservative Association for the by-election there, Mr. H. S. Higinbottom, the Liverpool and Ashton-under-Lyne mineowner, having withdrawn his name, a three-cornered contest is now assured.

The other candidates are Sir A. H. Marshall (Lib.) and Mr. W. C. Robinson (Lab.). Lady de Frece (Miss Vesta Tilley) is lending valuable help to her husband.

DEATH BEFORE ARREST.

Man from London Shoots Himself After Being Traced to Felixstowe.

A man, believed to belong to Bromley, Kent, shot himself at Felixstowe yesterday. A warrant for his arrest had been issued and he had been traced to Felixstowe.

A local police officer called upon him. After speaking to him the man was allowed to go to another room to get his overcoat. He then shot himself fatally with a revolver.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

To-day's Weather.—Fresh or strong westerly winds reaching gale force, rain at times. Mild.

Ju jitsu lessons are to be held for Bradford Police.

Pruning trees in Islington public gardens will cost £420.

An investiture will be held at Plymouth on March 5.

Stables are to be converted into cottages at Bucklow (Cheshire).

Mr. Sam Walsh, the music-hall comedian, has died at Crouch End, aged forty-two.

Viscount Grey, returning from the United States, is expected at Waterloo at 11 a.m. to-day.

2,000 Fireless Homes.—At Swansea Town Council yesterday it was stated there were 2,000 fireless homes in the town during the week-end.

France's Next Premier.—When M. Clemenceau is elected President of the Republic M. Millerand, at present High Commissioner of the Republic for Alsace, will be named Premier, says a Paris message.

FRENCH LINER LOST—439 PASSENGERS MISSING

Afrique Sinks in Bay of Biscay While Making Port When Crippled by Gale.

DRAMATIC LAST WIRELESS: THEN SILENCE

The French liner *Afrique*, with 465 passengers on board, sank in a gale early yesterday, fifty miles from La Rochelle.

Latest reports indicate that of the passengers and crew only twenty-six are known to be saved. Fifteen persons were rescued from a raft and eleven from a boat. The French steamer *Ceylan*, a Belgian steamer and a number of lifeboats were scouring the vicinity for survivors, some of whom have been sighted in boats and on rafts.

The last message to the *Ceylan*, received from the *Afrique* was that the crew and passengers were taking to the boats, and after that there was silence.

The *Afrique* had been battered in the previous night's gale and was making for port when the disaster occurred.

STEAMERS SCOUR THE SEA FOR SURVIVORS

15 Persons Taken from Raft and 11 from a Boat.

CAPTAIN ON A RAFT?

PARIS, Monday.

The liner *Afrique*, with 465 passengers on board, sank at three o'clock this morning off the Plateau of Rochebonne, about thirty-two miles from the Ile de Ré and fifty miles from La Rochelle (a Bay of Biscay port midway between Nantes and Bordeaux).

When the liner struck she was returning to La Pallice in consequence of damage received during last night's gale, escorted by the liner *Ceylan* (8,223 tons), which she had summoned by a distress signal.

The water at once began to pour in and the boats were launched, though with great difficulty owing to the list of the sinking vessel. The *Ceylan* rescued eleven survivors from one of the *Afrique's* boats, and fifteen who were drifting on a raft.—Reuter.

STEAMER TO THE RESCUE.

Another account says the *Ceylan* made strenuous efforts to find a lifeboat which had been lowered from the *Afrique* and contained passengers and crew.

The Belgian steamer *Anversville* also came to the rescue and succeeded in saving two other boats.

Other lifeboats still are understood to be in the vicinity.

It is said that numerous rafts have been sighted, one of them, it is believed, having on board the captain of the *Afrique*.

The last message which the *Ceylan* received from the *Afrique* was that the crew and passengers were taking to the boats, and after that there was silence.

The *Afrique* was a steamer of 5,416 gross tons, belonging to the Chargeurs Reunis. She was employed on the West African trade, and it was understood she was outward bound.

MINES UPROOTED.

War Terrors Roused by Gale—Coast Strewed with Wreckage.

From all sides come tales of disaster due to the heavy gales which have raged round the British Isles during the past two or three days. One of the most dangerous features is that the storms seem to have uprooted some of the mines sunk for safety by our mine clearance service.

A telegram to Lloyd's yesterday from the Culver wireless station states the steamer *Elmtree* reports passing two floating mines near St. Catherine's Point.

Enormous damage has been caused to the telegraph and telephone systems all over Europe as well as the British Isles.

At Tonbridge and Goudhurst, Kent, dozens of trees in the orchards have been uprooted. The Eden Valley is completely flooded.

CHIMNEY DRAMA.

At Plymouth a chimney crashed through the roof of a house and the walls of the bedroom enveloped a man containing two children, but they miraculously escaped unhurt.

No fewer than fifteen false alarms, caused by the wind, were received by the London Fire Brigade within twelve hours.

A Handley-Page passenger aeroplane, which had come down at Werrington, near Peterborough, broke away from its moorings and was blown across the railway lines, and the Scotch express was delayed eighty minutes while the wings were sawn off.

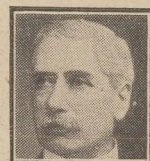
The *Aircro* machine which left Hounslow for Paris at 12.42 yesterday landed at Lympe at 1.25 p.m., owing to bad weather.

A large quantity of wreckage, including about fifty barrels of oil, was washed ashore at Freshwater Bay, Isle of Wight, yesterday morning.

OUR NEW REPRESENTATIVE IN BERLIN.

Lord Kilmarnock Leaves London to Take Up His Duties.

Lord Kilmarnock, who is to be our new diplomatic representative in Berlin, left London to take up his position of British Chargé d'Affaires there yesterday, pending the restoration of normal diplomatic relations between the two countries.



Sir Harold A. Stuart.

His new residence in Carlton House-terrace will not all be turned over just yet.

The date of the arrival of the German representative has not yet been notified, but the Swiss Legation is expected to move out of the German Embassy shortly.

It is learned authoritatively that Austria will not be represented in London by an Ambassador, but only by a Minister.

Austrian Ambassador here in 1914, has been spoken of in some quarters as the likely Austrian Minister, but it is doubted in official quarters whether he will return as Minister.

Rhineland Commissioner.—The King has appointed Sir Harold Stuart, K.C.S.I., to the post of British High Commissioner on the Inter-Allied Rhineland Commission.

U.S. and League.—President Wilson yesterday issued the formal call for the first meeting of the League of Nations on Friday.—Exchange.

According to a Kiel report to the *Freihelf*, cited in Berlin telegrams to the Copenhagen papers, a high German officer has informed the Right Socialist Party leaders that plans are being entertained in naval officers' circles to scuttle the cruisers which have still to be surrendered to the Entente.—Reuter.

TUBE TRAVELLER'S DUTY.

"No Warning Needed Before 'Circle' Train Starts."—Judge's Decision.

"It is not the duty of the Metropolitan Railway Company, after travellers have entered a train, to give notice that it is about to start."

Such was the decision in the Divisional Court yesterday of Mr. Justice Bray and Mr. Justice Bailhache in upholding the appeal of the Metropolitan Railway against the award of £35 for personal damages made by the London Recorder to Mr. William Delaney, who had his fingers crushed by a carriage door.

According to evidence, Mr. Delaney had just entered an Inner Circle train which was standing in Aldgate Station when the train started. He put his hand out to steady himself, when the door shut on his fingers.

Mr. Barrington Ward, K.C., for the company, submitted that once a man was in a train it was his duty to look after himself.

GIRL CLERKS' AIR TRIP.

Rush of Whitehall Volunteers for Flight to Interview Premier in Paris.

Weather permitting, the projected flight of discharged War Office girl clerks to Paris to interview the Prime Minister will take place on Friday.

"Probably only two of the girls will go, on account of the expense," said Miss Dorothy Evans, secretary of the Association of Women Clerks, "but we have had quite a rush of volunteers."

The two girls have not yet been selected, but Miss Evans will, in all probability, be one.

ANTHRAX IN BRUSHES.

The Harrogate Medical Officer of Health has taken possession of twelve shaving brushes. His action was taken on advice from the Liverpool Medical Officer that a consignment of brushes was affected with anthrax.

Four of the twelve brushes were found to contain anthrax germs. None of the supply had been sold.

FELL IN FRONT OF TRAIN.

At Ealing Common Underground Railway Station last night a man alighted from a train on the off side and fell on the live rail in front of a train coming in the opposite direction. He was cut to pieces.

It is thought he resided at Acton.

RAILMEN TO MAKE BIG DECISION TO-DAY.

Government Unlikely to Grant Any Further Concessions.

MR. THOMAS' POSITION.

To-day is likely to be a fateful one in the railway crisis.

A statement by Mr. J. H. Thomas indicates that the railwaymen's leaders expect to receive the decision of the Cabinet when they meet Sir Eric Geddes to-day.

The Negotiating Committee will go back to the Delegate Conference at Unity House with the answer and the next move will be decided by the nature of the reply.

Sir Eric Geddes and Sir Robert Horne were summoned to the French capital to confer with the Prime Minister, Mr. Bonar Law and Earl Curzon of Kedleston on the matter, and returned to London last night. On their arrival at Victoria both looked exceedingly grave.

They will inform the other members of the Cabinet as to what transpired in Paris, and if their colleagues endorse the decisions arrived at there the answer to be made to the railwaymen will convey the reply of the Government as a whole.

In the meantime the N.U.R. delegates have maintained their "continuous session."

"On our side," says Mr. Thomas, "there will be every effort to avoid a rupture."

It is not considered likely that the Government will be in a position to grant further concessions.

Mr. Thomas has confirmed the unofficial statements that the delegates objected to the sliding scale, and that their action was based primarily on the fact that the average instead of the highest existing rates has been taken in fixing the new standard rates. There is also opposition to the proposed new machinery for future railway control.

In view of the possible developments the position of Mr. J. H. Thomas, Mr. Cramp and other leaders who accept the terms and recommended the offer as a fair settlement becomes interesting, and the danger that they would resign rather than lead another strike is being revived.



Maj.-Gen. G. Jeffrey.

It was officially announced last night that Major-General Sir G. G. Jeffrey, K.C.M.G., had been appointed to the command of the London District, to which he was temporarily appointed on October 1st, and that he would succeed Sir Major-General G. D. Jeffrey.

MR. H. B. IRVING'S WILL.

Famous Actor Leaves Nearly £40,000—Legacies to Widow and Children.

The late Mr. H. B. Irving, *The Daily Mirror* understands, left £39,176, from which £5,433 will be deducted in death duties.

Mr. Irving bequeathed £500 to his widow and £100 each to the two children. He ordered that the remainder of the estate, after certain deductions, should be realised and the income therefrom be paid to Mrs. Irving for life, and at her death to the two children in equal shares.

MR. ASQUITH TO STAND?

Independent Liberals Pressing Ex-Premier to Contest Paisley.

Will Mr. Asquith stand for Paisley? *The Daily Mirror* learns of excellent authority that the Independent Liberals are pressing the ex-Prime Minister to fight the seat.

The vacancy has been caused by the death of Sir John McAlister, an Independent Liberal.

MONS HERO FIGHTS SLOT THIEVES.

A small band of unknown men were just packing away their booty after breaking open all the slot machines on Sandown sands when they were surprised by Constable Sansome.

A stiff fight ensued, during which Sansome, who fought with the Guards at Mons, received a heavy blow in the face. The men escaped, leaving behind all their booty.

Owing to the illness of Prince Arthur of Connaught, Prince Henry will represent the King at the Investiture of the Order of the Garter at Town Hall to-day.

5,000,000 "4-IN-1" NEW YEAR GIFTS

OF LIFE-LONG VALUE FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

Simply Send Following Coupon and You Will Receive by Return Post a Four-Fold "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit **FREE**.

TO-DAY NEW YEAR GIFTS OF LIFE-LONG VALUE ARE OFFERED TO READERS OF THIS JOURNAL—SIMPLY FOR THE ASKING

EVERYONE who accepts this New Year Gift will ever after see in his or her mirror a "personal-appearance-improvement" that others will admire and many will envy—especially those who allow this opportunity of securing such a New Year Gift to slip.

Every reader who values his or her personal appearance is invited to make use of the following New Year Gift Coupon.

THIS COUPON IS WORTH HUNDREDS OF POUNDS

for it will prove a Passport to all the life-long personal advantages that accompany the possession of a beautiful head of hair free from unsightly scurf and unpleasant stickiness and odour, gloriously lustrous, wavy or curly, luxuriant in quantity, fragrant with health and radiant with its own natural beauty.

Is not such a New Year Gift worth the mere asking for? Can you afford to miss the opportunity of securing such personal appearance advantages for yourself?

The several hundreds of thousands of New Year Gifts now to be distributed gratis to the British Public will, when all have been given away, number 5,000,000, a World's Record in generous gift-giving by Mr. Edwards—the donor to the British Public of the world-famous "Harlene Hair-Drill" method of hair culture.

All who have had the opportunity of noting the beautiful appearance of the hair of Distinguished leaders of Society have now the opportunity of cultivating the same natural health and beauty of their own hair and of testing the "Harlene Hair-Drill" method free of expense.

HAVE YOU ANY OF THESE HAIR TROUBLES?

This New Year Gift of the 4-in-1 "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit will prove of value beyond the power

to express to those troubled with any of the following disorders:—

- hair that falls out faster than it grows,
- hair that refuses to grow in length,
- thin or patchy hair that reveals the scalp,
- faded-looking or colourless hair,
- hair that is too dry or brittle,
- hair full of scurf,
- hair that is sticky and clings or mats together,
- hair that is unpleasantly odorous,
- hair that combs or brushes out,
- hair that looks lanky instead of wavy or curly,
- hair that breaks or splits.

In all such unhealthy and unattractive conditions of the hair or scalp "Harlene Hair-Drill" acts like a Good Fairy. The very first trial of the 4-in-1 Gift Outfit will reveal proof of this in one's own mirror.

SEE WHAT YOU GET IN THE 4-IN-1 NEW YEAR GIFT OUTFIT.

The contents of the 4-in-1 New Year Gift are as follows:—

FIRST.—The most interesting "MANUAL OF INSTRUCTIONS," which is so graphically illustrated that everyone sees clearly in his or her mind's eye—

- (1) How "Harlene Hair-Drill" makes the scalp healthy and the hair beautiful; also
- (2) Just how to do the "Harlene Hair-Drill" so that your scalp and hair will become more healthy and your hair more luxuriant in quantity and beautiful in quality.

SECOND.—The "CREMEX" BEAUTY HAIR BATH SHAMPOO, which has the largest sale in the world because of the extraordinary way it frees the hair and the scalp from all scurf, stale and more or less unpleasantly odorous grease.

After a Beauty Bath Shampoo you will feel that every hair has been dipped in warm sunshine.

While drying the hair, look at it in your mirror. Note how every individual hair stands out in self-radiant waves and curls, instead of lying down with its fellows in an unhealthy, matted-together mass.

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THIRD.—A BOTTLE OF "HARLENE," the most suc-

cessful Hair-food and tonic ever discovered. Apply a few drops of the hair-root-stimulating "Harlene" to the hair, which is essential to carrying out the wonder-working "Hair-Drill."

Feel how the massage-movement of the scalp causes the latter to tingle with New LIFE, and see how the hairs twist and

Every reader of to-day's paper is given a grand opportunity to brighten and smarten his or her appearance for 1920 and onwards. "Harlene Hair-Drill" makes an enormous difference to every man and woman who practises it, which YOU can now do **FREE**.

per bottle and "Cremex" Powders 1s. 1½d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 2d. each) from all Chemists and Stores or direct from Edwards' Harlene, Limited, 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit-street, London, W.C. 1.

To-day every man and woman—young or old—can easily defeat Father Time.



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IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Everyone who desires beautiful, abundant hair can test the "Harlene Hair-Drill" Method free of cost. Just by cutting out the coupon published and posting, together with your name written on a slip or sheet of paper, you will receive everything necessary to commence a scientific method of hair beauty culture which will immediately remedy any hair defect you may be troubled with and commence to grow luxuriant, abundant hair. Why should you be worried with scanty, thin, impoverished hair when hair-health is yours for the asking? Just remember that hair-health or ill-health means all the difference to your appearance. It is your duty to yourself to send for your "Harlene" Four-fold Gift.



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And all your life you will be glad you accepted to-day's offer of a New Year Gift 4-in-1 "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit, for your hair will thrive in quantity and grow in beauty as the years come and go—instead of thinning and losing its glorious youth-preserving colouring and waviness.

You will ever after include two minutes a day of "Harlene Hair-Drill" in your daily toilet, because you will appreciate that it does for your hair even more than your tooth-brush can do for your teeth. You will be glad to know that after a free trial you can obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d. and 4s. 9d. per bottle, "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.



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Sirs.—I am willing to test "Harlene Hair-Drill," and accept your offer of a 4-in-1 New Year Gift "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit, for which I enclose 4d. stamps for packing and postage to my address. Daily Mirror, 13/1/20.

NOTE TO READERS.

Write full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, and pin this coupon to it and post to above address. (Mark envelope "New Year Gifts" Dept.).

Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1920.

HOUSEWIFE'S WORRIES.

MOST industrial negotiations, conducted by and with the Government just now, seem to revolve round a prospective "fall in the cost of living." Both sides in the railway dispute, for example, are clearly counting on this probability. "When the cost of living falls." That is the habitual phrase.

When!—if ever. Meanwhile, for most things, it goes on rising. The housewife's burden increases.

She is almost each month compelled to shift it, as it were, from shoulder to shoulder. Soon she gets less sugar, very dear butter, perhaps no coal. A little alleviation, in the way of some new "release" from control, is nearly always counterbalanced by an increase in some other article of daily use. And the new poor woman spends her days in meeting these changes and in trying to adapt her meagre budget to them.

So it happens that the prophetic phrase "as the cost of living falls" comes to sound in her ears as though it were this: "If the war had never happened."

It did happen. It convulsed the world, which may ultimately be a better world, but cannot be the same one, obviously, in regard to such domestic worries as meat, butter and sugar; not to speak of cream. Therefore, she thinks, it were better not to bother us with future bonuses in the form of an imaginary "fall"; now that everybody wants more money, and, by wanting it and getting it, drives up the cost deplored.

Let us therefore bravely be resigned to the worst, or rather to the fact; and conduct our negotiations and arrange our household budgets on the fairly safe supposition that the cost of living will *not* fall. To count upon a decrease is, at any rate, as risky as if she, the housewife, were to rely upon a fortune to be left her by a pre-war uncle, dead in Australia, where such uncles usually reside and die.

THE TRAMP.

THE other day, right in the middle of the high street of a small country town, we saw a tattered and bearded man, with boots open to the air. He wore a battered bowler, covered with road dust.

In fact, a tramp. . . . Presumably he died out during the war; or lay so low, like Brer Rabbit, that nobody noticed him. We cannot be sure that he was called up for military service, or that he gave his trade, when questioned, as "tramp." But certainly he disappeared.

He reappears. He is bound to last. His occupation of doing nothing is eternal.

The kind-hearted will tell us that he is "out of work." He himself will assure us that he is a demobbed man, perhaps an M.C.

If he is a true tramp he is nothing of the sort.

The demobbed man may be, and, alas, too often is, out of work. But he is not a tramp. Even if he is homeless, he does not look like a tramp. A tramp has a special costume. His boots bulge at the toes. He leaves top-hats about in fields, after carefully removing the tops.

He will probably never be abolished. For he is irrevocably one of those who "can't be bothered." He can't fit into any ordered scheme. He is somebody outside civilisation.

He is therefore beyond reform by the municipal means that civilisation offers.

Tramps will always be with us. W. M.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 12.—Rambler roses, when properly grown, make a beautiful show of colour in the summer garden.

Rambler roses must be relieved of plenty of old wood. Cut this away first and then tie in last year's growths, bending them over when possible.

It will be wise to cut recently-planted ramblers almost to the ground for their first season; do this in March. E. F. T.

MEN WHO ARE "TRYING TO LIVE WITH."

FIRST AID FOR THE NERVOUS AND IRRITABLE HUSBAND.

By LIONEL WHYTE.

"YES, he's a nice man—but thank goodness I'm not Mrs. Smith! It must be very trying to live with him."

How many men have been the subject of this criticism!

Nervy Smith, who starts when a door slams, jumps up when the postman knocks, and rushes to answer the telephone as though he were about to hear his death warrant, is one of the commonest products of our scurrying age, and he is growing more numerous and more trying every year.

At his office, unless he is one of the "top dogs," he is not so bad. He controls himself for the sake of his job, realising that subordinates, unlike managers, must not allow

To this end they devote themselves during the rest of the evening, while he, subconsciously, does all he can to trip them up.

Is this an exaggeration? Not at all. I know many "nervy Smiths," and I know families whose serene happiness is ruined by the nervous condition of their bread-winner.

Yes, that is one of the saddest parts of it. The nervous wreck is usually the bread-winner, and his wife has to placate him through interested as well as altruistic motives.

IS THERE A CURE?

For if he breaks down altogether—what then?

It is quite wrong, however, to award her all the sympathy. Smith himself has the deuce of a bad time, and if he could think of some way of curing his nerves he would. There is very little happiness in his life. At times he sees himself very glaringly, and hates himself. But the age of hurry, the ig-

WHEN THE MODERN MAIDEN MARRIES.



She rejects all the most eligible young men recommended to her by her well-meaning parents. And she marries a nobody, with no money. Is it just to annoy them?—(By W. K. Haselden.)

their personal moods and humours to show too clearly.

But, as soon as he is free from the restraining influence of his employer, his nerves run riot, he boards the 6.22 with an anxious face (as though to miss that particular train would throw the world out of its course!), and arrives home on the *qui vive* for trouble.

And trouble he will assuredly find.

His good wife may have done all in her power to avert it. She may have cooked a particularly choice meal, she may have had the rattling window mended, she may have called on their neighbour about the dog, and warmed his shoes for him. It will make small difference. Something will be bound to turn up. Or, if it does not turn up, her husband will grow fidgety waiting for it.

Say the door bangs. The processes of starting and of seeking the culprit are simultaneous. If an obvious culprit is at hand, Smith immediately makes some disagreeable or uncomfortable remark, and repents as soon as he has made it. On the other hand, if it is impossible to allocate the blame, his family are made to feel that heaven is treating him very shabbily, and that they must do all in their power not to increase his burdens.

norances of youth, or a secret fear of the workhouse, or all combined—have laid their grip upon him, and he has neither time nor understanding to devise any permanent cure.

Is there a cure? I think there is. Some might call it knowledge, others truth, others psycho-analysis. Whatever we call it, it is the thing that destroys illusions and brings us back to the solid foundations of fact.

The nervous man is surrounded by delusions. The slamming door, to him, is something really evil. The window rattles with malice. The telephone bell tinkles especially to send a sharp twinge through his heart. The dog barks to annoy him. The letter his wife forgot to post is a sign of waning affection.

Destroy those illusions. See things as they are. Work back in your mind, freed of all prejudices, to their origins. They will then come toppling down like a house of cards.

That is where the new science, psycho-analysis, is helpful. Unlike the mystic cures that make you rub your eyes and wonder how they are done, psycho-analysis carries you back to simple roots and causes. There is no mystery about it—and it is in the maze of mystery and imagination that poor nervy Smith has lost his bearings!

THE LATEST DRESSES.

DO THE MASS OF WOMEN REALLY APPROVE OF THEM?

FEW WEAR THEM.

MY opinion is that comparatively few women really care for the low-backed styles or the skimpy skirts.

In fact, they are only worn by foolish women. The rest of us can get our dressmakers to modify them respectably, before we consent to wear them. AN ORDINARY WOMAN. Cromwell-road, S.W.

IT PAYS SO WELL.

IT always amuses a mere man to see how women let themselves be "done" by dress-makers.

Why do they have "skimpy" clothes? Obviously because it pays so well to have no stuff and to make women pay as if they had plenty! A MAN.

"NATIVE MODESTY."

IF the supposed "native" modesty of women does not keep them from indecent dress, then I am afraid nothing will.

Men are taught to suppose that women have this native modesty. Then they go out to dinners and dances and lose their illusions! A DEMOBLED MAN.

"HALF-DISCLOSURES."

SURELY Miss Lena Ashwell is too tolerant. "If people liked" to go about (as in savage communities) with nothing on at all, would they be allowed the half-disclosure of bits of body is not editing and rarely beautiful. The ugly women imitate the fashions. And surely on aesthetic grounds alone these hideous scanty fashions need some protest. A. M. Wimbeldon.

PATRIOTISM AND DARTMOOR.

THE only kind of patriotism which is defensible is a love of, and a wish to preserve unharmed, our countryside.

Those, therefore, who wish to have us transform Dartmoor into an industrial centre are lacking in patriotism, an accusation before which we have been taught for five years to hide our heads in shame.

It seems to me that patriotism is a word which most people make use of in order to cover their own weaknesses and vices.

I should like, therefore, to appeal to all "patriots" to consider the project of destroying our countryside as a grave danger to England, and, as my own weakness is for the countryside, subscribe myself A TRUE PATRIOT.

HANG HIM?

EXTEND the death penalty to include not only murder, but attempted or threatened murder as well, and you would soon have an end to the armed raids so prevalent to-day.

Why a man should escape execution just because he fails in his attempt at murder has always been a mystery to me.

He is a murderer by intent—hang him. REMEDY.

SHORTER LETTERS.

Labour's Secret Diplomacy.—It is interesting to note that Mr. Smillie and his confederates are wont to revile "secret diplomacy." Who, may I ask, practices the gentle art of "secret diplomacy" more than Messrs. Smillie, Hodges and Co. in the mine, the workshop and the mystic realms of finance?—AMUSED.

Leap Year Proposals.—According to "N. P. L." a modern girl does not need a proposal. In that case we should like just an idea as to how an outstanding may be arrived at with the right man without loss of womanly pride that still remains in some of us to-day.—TWO MODERN GIRLS.

The Circus.—It is curious how all the reports of the circus at Olympia confuse it with the travelling, tented cruises which have died out in England. On the Continent circuses have always flourished in permanent buildings, and this Olympia circus is one of those with highly trained horses and equestrians—not the "third raters" of the village circus.—CIRCUS EXPERT.

Animal Performances.—Those who run down animal "turns" always omit the horses. Why is this? A horse needs as much training as a dog. If the dog must not perform, no more must the horse. And they forget that a horse must be "trained" even to pull a van. They should stop all riding or driving, to be logical.—F. G.

LIFE AND DEATH.

Frail Life! in which, through mists of human life.

We grope for truth, and make our progress slow. Because by passion blinded; till, by death.

Our passions ending, we begin to know.

O reverend Death! whose looks can soon advise

Even scornful youth, whilst priests their doctrine waste;

Yet mocks us too, for he does make us wise.

When by his coming our affairs are past.

O harmless Death! whom still the valiant brave,

The wise expect, the sorrowful invite.

And all the good embrace, who know the grave

A short dark passage to eternal light.

—SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT (1673).

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Let us remember that the only way to keep our life peaceful and happy is to keep the heart at rest.—C. H. Spurgeon.

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**I WILL TELL YOU FREE HOW
TO REDUCE YOUR WEIGHT.**



I was just a strong young woman, full of life and vigour, and fond of good things to eat, enjoying life to its fullest extent, when suddenly my weight began to increase, and, strong as I was, I began to feel the burden, especially as I am a business woman and have plenty of work to do. While my earthly self was rapidly assuming abnormal proportions, the progress in this direction brought sorrow and consternation, because I knew that I must give up business or reduce my weight. I began to feel lonely, because I felt that my company was no longer desired, and I made up my mind that I was at the dangerous point of my life.

One day an inspiration came to me, after I had spent time, money and patience in vain efforts to become slim again. I acted upon this inspiration, and succeeded, for 36lb. of ponderous weight vanished in five weeks. I did not use drugs, practise tiresome exercises nor starvation diet, nor wear any appliances, but reduced myself by a simple home method, and although this is some time ago, I have never gained any weight since, and my health is as good as I could wish.

You could reduce your weight, the same as I have done, and I will tell you how, free, if you will enclose two 1d. stamps to pay postage—W. Grace Harland, Dept. 781, Diamond House, Hutton

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are an early symptom—a solemn warning that something must be done. Neglect that warning, and illness—perhaps mental affection—is not far off. Drugs won't cure. They may relieve, but not permanently. Medicine makes Nature want SLEEP, and wants it produced naturally. Now—

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TAKE YOUR HOLIDAYS IN WINTER.

CHARM OF COUNTRY AND SEA TO BE FOUND NOW.

By RICHARD KEVERNE.

To those who seek a quiet holiday the author recommends mid-winter as a healthy alternative to August, and tells of many benefits resulting from holidays at this season.

I KNOW one or two men who swear by winter holidays. Somewhere about this time of year, when the country is at its dearest and towns at their most miserable, these fellows pack their bags and depart for three weeks' leisure.

In other days they used sometimes to go to Switzerland for the winter sports or even to the Riviera, but mostly they holiday in this country, and they assure me that they are well satisfied with their choice.

For one thing, they say they save money and get a good deal more for what they do spend.

Travelling is easy, trains are less crowded, and at hotels and apartments winter prices rule.

Against these advantages I have urged the trials of bad weather and the shortness of the days. But the winter holiday makers won't hear of these as drawbacks. They tell me that if you choose your place and are of simple, quiet tastes the weather is no more apt to interfere with your holiday in February than it is in August.

As to the shortness of the days, they vow that that is all to the good. They point out to the leader of a sedentary life the long days of summer are a menace. They tempt a man to over-exertion; he wants to be up early and out doing something until almost bedtime.

BENEFITS OF SHORT DAYS.

In the winter, on the contrary, there are eight hours of good daylight, ample time for a couple of rounds of golf or a twenty-mile walk and a good long rest in the evening as well.

One of these men never tires of telling of the joys of his winter holiday evenings. At home, he says, he is seldom allowed an evening in peace. Friends call to see him, or he is invited out to dine or dance, and on the few evenings he has at home to himself he is kept busy from dinner time to bed time with the odd jobs of personal correspondence and the hundred and one things that must be done in everyday life.

But on his holiday his evenings are his own. He maintains that he knows nothing so pleasant as to return home about five o'clock on a winter evening after a day in the fresh air.

If he is wet through he can change and bath at leisure, and then come to a blazing fire and read until dinner time; after dinner read until bed time if he wish it, or go out to some local theatre or music-hall if the mood so take him.

And he is quite right when he maintains that those who love the country or the sea can learn more of it in a fortnight in winter than in six weeks of summer holiday season, when tourists crowd the district and half the population lays itself out to cater for them.

NOT SO MANY COLDS.

The winter holiday-makers claim, too, that from the point of view of health they score. They are away from town, resting and growing fit at the very season of the year when the minor ailments of life are so common. They return full of vigour to face that most dangerous time of the year, the early spring. If they do catch the inevitable cold it is always in a much milder form than that which the man debilitated by a winter of town life suffers.

I asked one of these men once if he did not find it hard to go through a whole summer without a rest.

He said that he always saved a few days to take as holiday then if he could, but that he infinitely preferred the discomforts of London in August to those of the seaside. "After all," as he put it, "London is at its best in the summer; why run away from it then?"

Of course, to the family man with children's holidays to be considered, a winter vacation is not easily arranged, but I am inclined to think that those who are free to choose would do well to try the experiment.

The South Coast from Thanet to the Scillies can sometimes produce in February as fair a climate as any man can ask, and unless pierrots and crowds are desired as part of the holiday pleasure, there is little that August gives that cannot be found by the Channel coast just now.

WHAT WOMEN WOULD DO WITH A BIG STORE

MOVING PATHWAYS, NURSERY AND OTHER FACILITIES.

By NANCY BROWNING.

THE head of a big dry goods store has invited suggestions from women for improvements in methods of running his establishment.

Most women having ideas on shopkeeping will be able to recall occasions when they have longed for facilities that were not to hand.

An ever-present difficulty confronting the customer in a large store is that of finding one's way easily and speedily to a particular department. This might be avoided by a classified arrangement of the departments and a generous use of signposts. The latter would to a great extent do duty for shopwalkers, of whom there are usually far too many—the shopper is often irritated by being "held up" too frequently.

Apart from the numerous doors at intervals along each front, one would like to see near the centre of the store a main entrance and large vestibule, the walls of which could be usefully lined with notices and directions.

A nursery conveniently near this vestibule would be a boon. I do not think there is accommodation for children in any store in England at present.

Many women nowadays are forced by circumstances to take their children wherever they go.

Often when some specific article has been advertised in the morning papers one dashes to the store to secure it, but has to lose much

time and temper in locating the counter where it is on sale. Shopkeepers might make a point of having such specially-offered goods in a prominent and easily accessible position.

In many stores, too, there are not sufficient cashiers, and time is wasted in waiting for change after each purchase. A great deal might be done by increasing the number of cash desks and by instituting a corps of runners, who, taking the bill and one's money to the desk, could return by the time the goods were wrapped up.

For women who come at intervals from a distance to spend the greater part of a day in a store the cinema on the premises, already in contemplation, will be an attraction (particularly if fashion films be not neglected), but the idea is capable of expansion.

Why not a demonstration hall where at stated times lecturers spoke on housing reform, careers for women and other subjects in which women are taking a growing interest?

But—and now I come to the most urgent of my suggested reforms—the storekeeper who seeks the eternal gratitude of woman as well as her custom should cater for the needs of the "small woman."

I do not think that any shop in England—certainly there is not one in London—offers dresses or underwear for the woman of less than middle height.

"Stock" sizes only are kept, and there are thousands of "small women" who literally cannot buy clothes.

And, lastly, is it too much to hope that in large stores with frontages up to 200 yards or more there may be moving pathways running the length of the building on each floor?



One way of taking a winter holiday—a subject dealt with in Column 1 on this page.

WHEN A GIRL DOES NOT MEAN TO MARRY.

HOW MUCH DEPENDS ON FINDING A HOUSE?

By A MAID IN WAITING.

A MARRIAGE has been arranged and will take place shortly between Thomas Thrifty, aged sixty-one, and Mary Moneybags, aged fifty, only child of the late Mr. and Mrs. Moneybags, of Bank Town.

The future of the happy pair is suffused with rose-colour. Their united incomes tot up to a very comfortable sum. The bride-broom-elect has a well-furnished flat in London; the bride-to-be inhabits the amply-equipped ancestral home of her parents."

Placing aside the newspaper from which she had been pretending to declaim, Celia remarked that that was the kind of alliance she intended to arrange for herself in about a quarter of a century's time. Until then I intend to enjoy myself," she added in determined tones.

"I'm with you there, old girl" drawled her audience, and the two damsels began in convincing diction to sum up the disadvantages of the marriage venture to middle-class couples under present circumstances.

Celia was evidently particularly well versed in them. She spoke with considerable feeling.

"First of all, think of the hunt for a house or a flat, or even rooms in which to start. We tramp from place to place—I mean they do till they're cross enough to quarrel, and can't find anything decent."

"If a hovel is found, that's just remotely possible, the furniture quest comes next, with all its shattering realisations. His 'gratuity' about fills the hall. Prices are colossal, and you either have to sacrifice every atom of taste with which your parents and education have inoculated you, or furnish just one room properly and scamp the rest.

"Then arises the servant difficulty, and he tells you tenderly, but firmly, that his job won't run to even a couple of maids, but that one must be enough, with help now and then. The way our parents began—he lolls sentimentally. Bah! It's impossible."

"Yes," sighed the audience, "that old stunt about our parents makes me tired. It's two generations or more old. The rule for ages past has been for the young people to begin where the old ones left off, and a very sound rule it is, too. What men have got to understand is this, that marriage need not be the sole end and aim of girls in these days, because, with Convention's full permission, we can support ourselves, if necessary, and have a jolly good time on our own into the bargain."

"Therefore we don't see why we should shake off our independence in order to take on responsibilities as acute as those you have been talking about. Amongst which you forgot to mention children, by the way, a certain addition to feminine worries."

"Yes," answered Celia slowly and dubiously. "I suppose so."—And rattled on:

"Matrimony is the sort of adventure one can't enter into with the light-hearted zeal exhibited under like circumstances, from all accounts, by our mothers. We girls had our fill of anxiety and hard work during the war. How can we be expected to begin another course of it now? Perhaps in little while..."

Then the telephone bell rang. Celia replied "...rushed upstairs abruptly, presently ran downstairs, and was observed to be hatted and cloaked."

"Charles says he's found a house—the very ideal—and I'm meeting him straightaway to choose the furniture..."

"The post's been in since you tore off," interposed the audience with blazing eyes. "John is coming to tea. He's found one too."

What Miss LILY BRAYTON writes of

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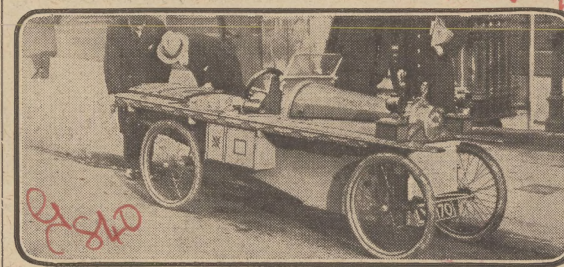
FRESH FLIGHTS OF FASHION'S FANCY.



A striking cloak of white ratine with trimmings of distinctive piping. The turned-back front is composed of striped green silk, and combines to present quite a novel appearance.



A new version of a firm favourite. A smart ribbed hat of banana-coloured straw, which is drawn well down on to the forehead. It has a long silk tassel for trimming, and would suit sharp features.



THE OLYMPIA GAZE.—Interested passers-by stop to examine a small motor car that, in the vastness of Piccadilly, seems almost a toy. Though its owner left it unattended it was still there on his return.

WORTHY—



Mr. Albert Thomas, who intends to resign from Parliament in order to become Chief of the League of Nations.



Mr. H. Collins, awarded a Lord Kitchener Memorial Scholarship of £150 per annum for four years at University College, Cardiff. He is 20 years of age.

EX-Q.M.A.A.C. OFFICER



Mrs. Miriam Grimson, the proprietress, waiting upon customers. Ex-officers of the Q.M.A.A.C. have opened this restaurant.



THIEVES' SPEEDY WORK.—The hole made in the window of a Bond-street jeweller's by thieves, who effected an entry and decamped with £7,000 worth of rings in less than ten minutes.



D'ANNUNZIO FLIES TO TOKIO.—The Italian soldier-poet is competing in a flight to Tokio. This enterprise, of which he is the moving spirit, was postponed by his preoccupation at Fiume.



A group of cadets under instruction by their officer.



SEA VOYAGE FOR MARINE CADETS.—Under the Pangbourne scheme these marine cadets are now to be sent on a sea voyage to Las Palmas as part of their training.



U.S. PAGEANT FOR CHARITY.—A view of the dancing at Quogue, U.S.A. As the occasion was in aid of charity, it

OPEN A RESTAURANT —OF NOTE NEW DELIGHTS TO CHARM THE EYE.



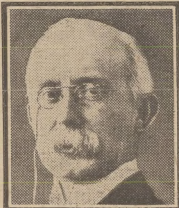
at the Brownie Restaurant, Shoe-lane, Fleet-street.
e provision of home-like meals at reasonable prices.



NOURED BY THE POPE.—Father Philip Fletcher,
o has been created a Commander of the Order of St.
oulchre is an uncle of Lord Allenby, the conqueror of
estine, and a son of the late Sir Henry Fletcher, Bart.



formed the principal attraction in a pageant held at
members of American society played an active part.



Dr. J. H. Jowett, Congre-
gational minister
Westminster, who will
preach in Durham Cate-
dral at the invitation of
Bishop Wilson.



Sgt. Donald Cameron,
Lanarkshire Constabulary,
who has been awarded the
Police Merit Medal for
gallantry against an
infuriated crowd.



Distinctly Eastern is the effect of this alluring
turban toque. Green and gold brocade swatches
the head closely in a manner calculated to set off
dainty features to their fullest advantage.



An unusual effect of new design. The corsage is
built of black velvet, with a skirt of white satin
veiled with tulle. A string of pearls relieves the
velvet bodice of its severity.



HEADQUARTERS OF CLERKS' UNION.—The staff of the Clerks' Union is
inundated with applications for membership. This union is demanding a mini-
mum salary of £3 10s. for all clerks over twenty-one years of age.



A relic of the gale in Holloway-road.



GALE HAVOC.—The damage sustained by a West End shop
from the fierce hurricane which swept over the country on
Saturday. Many large shop fronts were blown out.



CANDIDATES FOR THE GUARDS.—These tall fellows, who nearly
proved too much for the height machine, will help to bring the stan-
dard of height in the Brigade of Guards up to its old level.

THE HIGHEST BIDDER

By RUBY
M. AYRES

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY.

MEG ROSS, a young and pretty girl, who, from her idea of duty, marries

JEFFREY STAFFORD, a strong, determined man, to whom

LAURIE ROSS, Meg's brother, is under considerable financial obligations.

ALLISON LEE, Meg's closest friend. She is in love with Stafford.

Laurie has a quarrel with Meg, owing to the latter's friendship with Leslie Stafford, a young man whom Jeffrey had adopted some years before.

"I'LL NEVER FORGIVE YOU."

I STOOD for a moment without answering. Laurie's arm still round me, my eyes fixed on his, and I suppose something in their expression betrayed my thoughts, for he flushed up to the roots of his hair and broke away from me angrily.

"Why do you look at me like that? Anyone would think it was for my sake that I was advising you to break with Stafford. It's no use my trying to do the right thing; I'm always misjudged."

I moved away from him and stood looking down into the fire, and, gaining courage by my silence, he came back and took my hand.

"Give him up, Meg—promise that you will."

"I could not meet his eyes, but I said:

"And if I won't promise?"

"Then I shall write to Jeffrey and tell him."

"That was too much for me to bear. I did not

believe in his great. I knew he had only made it to try and force my hand, but the ignominy of it all was intolerable.

"Write to him, then!" I flashed back.

"Write to him, and tell him what you like. It will make no difference. I am not dependent on him, thank God, and as for Leslie Stafford

... he's the only friend I have, and I won't give him up for any of you." I was trembling

with excitement, and my lips shook so that I could hardly form my words.

Laurie did not answer for a moment; then he said:

"If I go now, I'll never come back. You've

injured me—"

I laughed at his injured tone.

"I wonder if I could insult you," I said

quivering. I was almost beside myself with rage and disappointment, or I should never have said such a thing, for after all, in spite of everything that had happened, he was my brother, and my only relative.

"I'll never forgive you or forget what you have said," he raved at me. "Good-bye."

"Oh, good-bye—still the next time you are hard up," I said hysterically.

I thought he would strike me for that. I was

afraid to turn and look at him, but after a second he moved away to the door without

answering, and shut it hard behind him.

"I let him go. Of what use was it to recall

him?"

He had told me that I was changed. Well, so was he. Or he always had been blind before

to his faults and weaknesses?

The scene had thoroughly upset me. I could

settle to nothing all the afternoon. Twenty

times I was on the point of writing to Laurie

and asking him forgiveness, and each time something checked the impulse, for in what way was I to blame, after all? I had done all I

could to help him, and he had only turned to

rend me.

As for giving up Leslie's friendship, it was

the last thing I would do now, no matter what

my brother or Jeffrey said. They had both de-

serted me in my unhappiness and desolation. I owed them no consideration whatever.

I spent a miserable evening. Leslie had

asked me to dine with him, but I had refused,

hoping that Laurie might stay with me; I had

a vile headache, due to the scene with him that

morning, I suppose, and when Mary brought

my dinner she found me crying.

"I've got a headache, that's all," I said when

she asked what was the matter. She was very

kind to me in those days; I think she under-

stood without any words that my circumstances

were not only the consequences of my own

folly.

"I hate London!" I told her. "I wish I

could go right away and never come back any

more." It was then that she spoke of Allison.

"Oh, m'am, wouldn't Miss Lee come and

stay with you?"

She knew nothing of my quarrel with Allis-

son, and I saw that she had wondered why I

had seen nothing of her since we came to the

flat. "I'm sure if she knew how lonely you

were," she urged, in distress, "that she would

be the first to come. You were always such

friends."

"We're not now," I said brokenly. "Mary, I

don't believe, I've a single friend left anywhere

in the world."

But her mention of Allison had set me think-

ing none the less, and that night, before I went

to bed, I was sufficiently foolish and optimistic

to write to her.

I told her quite frankly that my marriage had

failed and that Jeffrey had left me. I asked her

if for the sake of the past she could come and

see me.

I am sure if she had done I would have made

a clean breast of the whole story and told her

everything. I thought that perhaps then she

would understand and forgive me.

THE PHILANDERER.

IT was all very well for me to say that I would be independent and do as my friends, but in my heart I knew I was not built that way. I hated loneliness; I hated the feeling that I was to be continually thrown back on myself, with nobody in whom to confide.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

I think also, deep in my heart, I was not satisfied with regard to Leslie Stafford. I knew that Leslie probably was a black sheep, and that there had been some good reason for Jeffrey refusing to allow him to the house, and it was partly because of this doubt that I wrote to him by the same post as I wrote to Allison and told him I was going out of town for a couple of days and would let him know when I returned.

Of course, I did not leave London, though twice when Leslie rang up Mary told him I had not yet returned—and they were the longest and dullest days I can remember; and then—on the third morning—my letter to Allison came back to me unopened.

I felt my cheeks grow fiery with shame as I sat staring down at the redirected envelope. I had sent myself for the evening written to her—I hated her for the contemptuous way in which she had treated me.

Well, I knew where I was now—that was one good thing. I was quite friendless save for Leslie Stafford, and all other emotion was driven out of my heart by sheer reckless defiance.

I was so young still—only a girl—and the ship of my life was fast going to pieces on the rocks. Let it go! Nobody cared, and I no longer cared myself.

I wrote to Leslie and asked him to come as soon as he got my letter, and even while I was addressing the envelope there was a ring at the front door, and I heard his voice.

Mary began to say, as I had instructed her, that I was not at home, but I started up and rushed into the narrow hall-way.

"Where are you? Oh, please come in!"

I was so pleased to see him that I was almost incoherent. When we were back in the drawing-room he took both my hands and held them hard.

"Where have you been? Or haven't you been away at all?" he asked anxiously.

"I haven't been away, but I just wanted time to make up my mind," I told him.

"To make up your mind—about me?" he asked.

I nodded. "Yes—no. At least, not altogether."

"What do you mean, then? Did you doubt

my friendship? Has anyone tried to set you

against me?"

"Yes; but what does that matter? I've made

up my mind in spite of everything."

He dropped my hands and stood back.

"I am to go?" he asked.

"No, you are to stay," I said, and when he

held out his arms to me I went to him without

a word.

"May I kiss you—now?" he asked, and I

said "Yes."

"What was that I cared for him at all. My

heart was dead and cold as a stone, but I was

driven by recklessness, careless of the conse-

quences. I had nobody but him in the world.

But the fervor of his kiss brought me to my

senses, and I pushed him away with a little

gasp of fear.

"You must not . . . I didn't mean that you

must not. Oh, please don't do that any more.

He still kept one of my hands in his.

"I love you. You must have known that I

loved you from the very first," he said.

I shook my head.

"I didn't, anyway, what's the use?" I

married; besides, . . ."

It was on the tip of my tongue to add, "be-

sides, I don't care for you," but I checked the

words.

Perhaps if I told him the truth he would go

away and leave me as everyone else had done,

and I felt it would be more than I could bear.

He went on speaking rapidly.

"I know I'm not good enough for you. I told

you the first day we met that I was a waster;

but I love you. . . . Meg, if we'd only met

before it was too late."

I drew my hand from his and moved away.

"We must be sensible," I said, shakily. "I

know I was to blame just now, but it was so

glad to see you. I looked up at him with misty

eyes. You don't know how lonely I've been."

I smiled.

He came and knelt down beside me, putting

his arms gently round me again.

"What can I do to make you happy, Meg?"

he asked hoarsely. "I'd do anything . . . any-

thing you like, if you know it will make you

happy."

I looked away from him.

"You can't do anything except be my friend—

that's all." I laughed mirthlessly. "Laurie

says that if Jeffrey knew you were seen about

here he would stop my allowance."

"Not that I care if he does," I added defiantly.

"I told you that Jeffrey hated me," he said.

"I know! I think he hates me, too."

"Then why did he marry you?"

"I don't know—because he knew I disliked

him, I suppose. There are some men made like

that, you know—they only want a woman if they

know she does not want them."

He was silent for a moment; then he said—

"Meg—you know he is on his way home!"

I raised startled eyes.

"On his way home? Do you—do you mean—

Jeffrey?"

"Yes, I met Mrs. Stafford, and she told me."

I sat quite still, my heart racing unevenly.

"On his way home?" I said again mechanically.

"Yes—and then . . . what will you do then,

Meg?"

"What shall I do? Why, nothing! I don't

suppose he will bother me, and I certainly

shall not be a better friend."

And then I broke out wildly: "Oh, if only I

had never seen him!"

"Meg"—he caught me to his heart, pressing

my head down to his shoulder—"it drives me

mad to see you so unhappy. . . . I could make

your life so different; I know I could. . . . If

you would only care for me—just a little."

I pushed him away and rose to my feet. "Don't—oh, please, don't!" I said breathlessly. "I don't care for you—not in that way. . . . I don't ever want to care for anyone again. I did once, you know . . . and he died, and I've never been happy since." I tried to smile as I looked at his white face. "So, you see—we can't ever be anything more than friends—even if I wasn't married."

"I'm content to wait," he answered.

"If you are a wise man," I told him, "you

walk out of this house now and never come

back. I'm unlucky to people I care for, I know

I am. I shall bring you bad luck, too—if you

don't give me up."

"I shall never give you up," he said.

Did I wish that he would? I hardly knew; I

had wanted him back when he had stayed away,

but now he was here I was still restless and

unhappy.

He asked me to dine out with him that even-

ing, but I refused, and he went away hurt and

puzzled.

AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL.

I SAT by the fire for a long time after he had gone. I wished I had not let him see me. I rubbed my cheek hard where his lips had rested, and yet—in a way I was fond of him. I had learned to count on him and look up to him; I dreamed the thought of a future in which he might never come again.

And yet—with Jeffrey on his way home, how could I possibly continue our friendship? Jeffrey would be sure to know, and then—

"I don't care," I told myself. "I told myself.

What right had Jeffrey to dictate my life? If he

stopped my allowance I still had the money

which Anthony had left me.

I could not forgive Laurie for his treatment

of me, and my heart was torn between the

desire to see him again, and the bitter resent-

ment he had roused in me.

And then—by the last post that night, a letter

came from him.

Dear Meg—If I was not in desperate

trouble I would not write to you after the hard

and undesired things you said the other after-

noon, but, like a fool, I have been playing again,

and with my usual cursed luck, lost as usual.

Can you let me have fifty pounds? I'll pay it

back, honest I'm sure, as soon as my luck turns,

as of course it's bound to do. I hate asking

you, but the situation is desperate. May I come

round to-morrow? If you don't ring up in the

morning to stop me, I'll come along to tea—

Your affectionate brother, Laurie."

"P.S.—I don't bear any ill-feeling, old girl, if

you don't."

I laughed aloud at that letter.

It was so exactly what I had expected to hap-

pen! And yet, in spite of the irony of it all,

in a way it was tragic, too.

Laurie was the weak drinker, wicked; I knew,

and the old tender affection I had cherished for

him for so many years came back a little as I

sat with his clumsy epistle in my lap.

But for his need of money he would never

have written of course, and yet there was truth

in his postscript. He never nurtured ill-feeling

for long, I knew—possibly because he was not

a sufficiently strong character.

I thought about that until my head whirled.

Would it be right to help him? Or would it be

merely encouraging him to go on gambling?

As far as the money was concerned, I cared

nothing. He was welcome to anything that I

had. The same thing would occur

again and again, I knew, if I gave in this time.



Mr. Basil Gill, who plays Brutus, in Julius Caesar, at the St. James Theatre.



Lady Younger, who has returned to London with her husband.

WINDY WEATHER.

The Engagement Season Has Commenced!—Who Will Represent England in Germany?

PEOPLE ARE TALKING EVERYWHERE about the extraordinary weather we are labouring under. The wind has now continued to blow for many hours with occasional intervals of more or less calm. The curious thing about the weather situation seems to me to be that though we are having blustering winds and frequent cold showers of rain, the general temperature is by no means low. In fact, at certain times yesterday one's overcoat was a burden.

The Wind Up.

I keep hearing stories about the damage done by the great gale. It is rather amusing that in one instance the wind saved the British workman some trouble. It blew down a chimney stack from some premises already marked for the housebreaker.

Good for the Umbrella Makers.

In a London street I saw within twenty-five yards three umbrellas blown inside out. And the air was black with hats in all directions. What annoys me is to think that some of the beautiful chestnuts in Bushey Park were uprooted.

In Berlin.

We are to have no British Ambassador in Berlin—yet. But British interests will be in the hands of a chargé d'affaires who will be none other than Lord Kilmarnock. He is the eldest son of the Earl of Erroll, and is in the early forties. He has had a good deal of experience in Brussels and in Vienna, and is C.M.G.

Fiction.

Lord Kilmarnock has produced fiction, but not in the diplomatic sense. His one novel bears the pretty name of his only daughter, "Ferehith." He has also written a farce called "The Collaborators," in which he took a part when it was performed at a London theatre.

A Helpmate.

Lady Kilmarnock, who is a daughter of Sir Allan Mackenzie, is singularly handsome with dark luminous eyes. She was very popular in Vienna when her husband was First Secretary there, and was welcomed gladly into the most exclusive Viennese society.

Looking Ahead.

A friend in the Temple, moved by the idea of lady law students dining in Hall, asked why there should not be a separate Inn for women barristers. This is looking forward with a vengeance. It will be long before enough women are called to the Bar to make a separate Inn.

A Question of Dress.

Later on, a frivolous acquaintance wondered how some women barristers would like



Lady Worthington Evans, patroness of the Conservative Women's Reform Association.



Miss Violet E. Ashwin, who will shortly be married in Ceylon to Maj. James, M.C., an Engineer.

to wear stuff gowns while others were silk. I reminded him that the former category would be consoled by being known as "juniors."

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

G. O. C., London.

It is traditional that the General Commanding the London District should be a Guardsman. Accordingly, from the beginning of next month the command will be held by Major-General George Darell Jeffreys, a Grenadier, who commanded the 1st Guards Brigade in France. Afterwards he was in command of the 19th Division.

Fighting Record.

General Jeffreys saw a good deal of fighting before 1914. He was with Kitchener at Omdurman, and went all through the South African war with his Grenadiers. He owns a considerable estate in Hampshire, over which was his charming wife, who was left the widow of Viscount Cantelupo after but a few months of married life.

Tall Recruits.

Six feet high recruits for the Grenadiers are being called for in order to re-establish the King's Company of the Guards. So we are getting back to the normal. The Army, too, wants 70,000 men, chiefly craftsmen.

Betrothed.

There is a crop of engagements to record. Lord French's military secretary, the Hon. Charles Mulholland, is to marry Miss Sylvia Brooke, sister of Sir Basil Brooke, of Colbrook, Co. Fermanagh. The bride-to-be is one of the keenest riders to hounds in all Ireland, and is very popular in the hunting set.

A Hussar.

Captain Mulholland, who is in the 11th Hussars, is the eldest son of Lord Dunleath.



Miss Marie Lloyd, with a batch of new songs at the Palladium.



Miss Jessie Fraser, principal boy at the Grand Theatre, London.

He went all through the great war, and has a wound to show for it—likewise the D.S.O. and the O.B.E.

Another Engagement.

A military marriage which has been arranged is that which will shortly take place between Major F. T. V. Dunne and Miss Fairlie Thompson. The bridegroom-to-be is the youngest son of General Sir John Hart Dunne, which fine old warrior is a Crimean veteran and saw Alma, Balaclava and Sevastopol. At one time he was Lieutenant of the Tower. The bride-to-be's father, Colonel Thompson, once commanded the K.D.G.s.

One More.

Captain Marshall Brookes, who is engaged to Miss Evelyn Parker, is the eldest son of the Hon. Marshall Brookes, and therefore a nephew of Lord Crawshaw. He is in the Cheshires and won both the M.C. and the Croix de Guerre in the war. His bride-to-be is the daughter of the Rev. the Hon. Archibald Parker who is vicar of Wem and one of the Earl of Macclesfield's eight uncles.

Lord Kinnaird's Health.

I am glad to hear that Lord Kinnaird, who has been in very poor health for some time past, is decidedly better. The rumours of his impending retirement from the presidency of the Football Association have, I believe, no foundation in fact.

Plays for the East End.

Miss Lena Ashwell was telling me about her new Repertory Theatre at Bethnal Green the other day. She thinks that the East End is not sufficiently catered for in the theatrical way, and so, with the help of artists who formed her touring party in France, she is putting on plays at the Excelsior Hall.

Light Fare.

I understand that the programme is not in any way "highbrow," but includes such established favourites as "Grit," "Our Boys," "A Fool's Paradise," "The Duke of Killarankie" and similar fare.

The Protagonists.

There seems to be a tussle proceeding between the Foreign Office and the India Office as to the fate of Constantinople. Lord Curzon, I am told, wants the Turks expelled from Europe, where they have made so much mischief. Mr. Montagu and his advisers want a Turkish sovereignty retained in order not to offend the Moslems. Which will win? The Montagus are heavily fancied, I learn.

A Wedding.

It was raining when Miss Madeline Drory arrived at St. Mark's, North Audley-street, yesterday, to be married to Mr. Frederick Byng, but the spirits of the wedding party were by no means damped. The bride's gown had a very long train, which had to be lifted with care out of the motor-car in which she arrived. The bridegroom's sister, Miss Eileen Byng, in blue, was the only bridesmaid.

All Byngs.

So, just to make things equal, Mr. Ernest Byng, the bridegroom's brother, was best man. Mr. Frederick Byng saw considerable service in the war, joining first the Artists' Rifles and then the R.F.A.

£1,000 Prize.

A novel competition has been arranged by Rolls-Royce, Limited. A thousand pounds is offered for the best condensed paragraph which refers to the fact that the first direct Atlantic flight and the first flight from London to Australia were accomplished with Rolls-Royce engines. Even in these days of depreciated currency, a thousand pounds is well worth having.

Drury Lane Children's Tea.

I wonder if any kind-hearted friend has thought of providing the children playing in Drury Lane Pantomime with a tea this year. When Sir Bryan Leighton was alive he used to give them a tremendous meal at some neighbouring hotel every season, about this time. His death must have been a blow to these youngsters.

CAN MUSIC BE SELF-TAUGHT?

Many readers must have wished they could play some musical instrument, but have been deterred from learning by the expense and inconvenience of taking lessons from a music master.

The publication of the Musical Educator will come as a boon. It contains in compact and interesting form a complete musical education. It is written by the greatest authorities, including:

PADEREWSKI.—"The Best Way to Study the Piano."
MARK HAMBURG.—"The Piano and How to Play It."
CARUSO.—"The Cultivation of the Voice."
CLARA BUTT.—"How to Sing a Song."
MADAME MARCHESI.—"The Teaching of Singing."
JOHN DUNN.—"On Playing the Violin."
SIR F. H. COWEN.—"The Art of Conducting."
EDWIN H. LEMARE.—"The Art of Organ Playing."

Every branch of Musical Culture is dealt with by an expert.
Course of Voice Training, Singing and Solfege.
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Lessons on Scientific Basis of Music.
Lessons on Rudiments of Music.
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Counterpoint.
Lessons in Canon and Fugue.
Lessons in Musical Forms.
Musical Analysis and Composition.
Dictionary of Musical Terms.
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The Caxton Publishing Co., Ltd.,
77, Surrey-street, London, W.C. 2.
Please send me, free of charge, Detailed Illustrated Booklet of "The Musical Educator."

Name
(Send this form or a postcard.)

Address

That Barbed Wire.

I am told that practically all the business of the Irish Executive is now transacted at the Viceregal Lodge. A large drawing-room has been specially set apart for the purpose. The Lodge is without many of the elaborate fortifications which some heated imaginations have attributed to it.

Bucks Mystery Play.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton's studio at Beaconsfield was recently the scene of a mystery play. The play, which dealt with the Nativity, was prefaced by the reading of a poem on "Bethlehem—Then and Now," written by Mrs. Chesterton shortly before she and her husband departed for Palestine.

G.K.C.'s "Den."

Mr. Chesterton's studio is a substantial roomy building entirely separate from the house, which it faces. Drawings and caricatures by—and of—"G.K.C." adorn the walls, upon which is also hung an assortment of swords and other weapons. There is also a fine collection of detective tales.

Shop-Gazing for Men.

During my rambles yesterday I could not help being struck with the number of shop-window gazers of the inferior sex. There are a good many bargain sales "for men only" going on just now. The prospect of cheaper suits, boots and ecceteras is attracting many men to the shopping streets.

Kimberley.

The reunion—once an annual event—of those who took a hand in the relief of Kimberley is being revived, and the next dinner is fixed for February 14. It is nearly twenty years since the country was thrilled with the news of the northward dash, with a force of mixed cavalry, of Major-General J. D. P. French, as he was then.

"Maffeking."

Those were the days when the tide had begun to turn against our foes in South Africa, and within a few weeks of each other Kimberley, Ladysmith and Mafeking were free of their dogged besiegers. Great were the rejoicings in London and elsewhere, and a new word, "Maffeking," was created.

THE RAMBLER.

CAN YOU DRIVE A MOTOR-CAR?

An Indispensable Work for Every Owner, Driver or Chauffeur.

The Book of the Motor-Car is the first really comprehensive work on motor-cars, motor-cycles, and cycle-cars ever published.

The Book is full of invaluable information on all problems of driving and repairing a car, instructions being given for all possible difficulties in language that can be understood by the most unmechanical mind. The following are a few of the subjects dealt with:—

Cylinders, valves of all kinds, different types of engines, carburettors, ignition, silencers, gears and clutches, radiators, cooling systems, brakes, lubrication, lighting systems, artillery and wire wheels, tyres, fuels and how to use them, tools, and repair appliances, etc., etc.

CYCLE-CARS AND MOTOR-CYCLES.
The work pays full attention to motor-cycles and cycle-cars, full details and instructions being given for all those points wherein they must be treated differently from the more powerful motor-car. It is profusely illustrated with full-page plates, drawing in plan section and elevation, diagrams and photographs, as well as a series of sectional movable models in colour showing in detail the actual working parts of the car.

Mr. Charles Jarrott writes:
"I think the Book of the Motor-Car invaluable. As a book of reference it will be of great value to me, and everyone who is keenly interested in his car should have a copy."

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The Caxton Publishing Co., Ltd.,
77, Surrey-street, London, W.C. 2.
Please send me, free of charge, Detailed Illustrated Booklet of "The Book of the Motor-Car."

Name
(Send this form or a postcard.)

Address



THE VOGUE FOR JET.

WHITE jet, silver and crystal embroidery were the pretty trimmings which made delightful the white chameuse wedding gown of a dainty Paris bride. A train of white panne was clasped at the shoulders with brilliant-studded brooches.

SCARLET VELVET

brocade was the material of the enveloping evening cloak in which a pretty Parisienne visited the Opera. A deep sable collar and wide cuffs to match made it a very cosy garment. A narrow band of fur with two sable hobs to match finished the mob-shaped velvet theatre cap of scarlet velvet.

BLACK VELVET

laced with flame-coloured silk was the pretty costume worn by a Paris shopper in the Rue de la Paix the other afternoon. Its slip-on coat was warmly collared with skunk and belted with a narrow band of velvet.

BLACK AND COPPER

coloured brocade made delightful an evening gown worn at a Paris reception. Bands of amber and jet beads formed the shoulder straps and wound attractively round the waist. An additional note of charm was struck by the fish-tail train of black which, hanging from the shoulders, trailed along the floor.



Brick-coloured duvetyn is the material of this charming tailor-made. Bands of skunk adorn the neck and sleeves.

For the the dancant what could be prettier than this simple frock of champagne and black chameuse, with its high roll collar and tasselled sash?



UNCLE DICK'S LETTER.

Daily Mirror Office, Jan. 12.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—
My pets were invited out this afternoon to a musical tea-party, and, by means of a gramophone, carried out a very amusing hoax. One rather deaf, short-sighted old gentleman thought it was really Squeak singing! When he discovered it was a practical joke he was very cross. Send a fifty-word New Year resolution to-day (serious or comic) and win one of the Thirty-two Splendid Prizes. Half-crowns are useful in the bleak month of January.

Your affectionate
Uncle Dick.

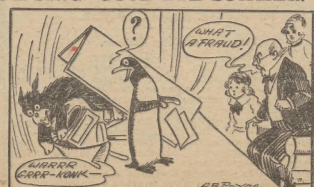
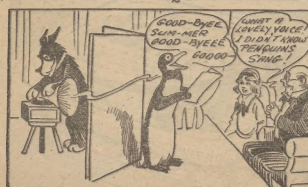


No. 9.—A Trap for Lions.

RALPH and JACK, with the advice of Nobo, laid their plans very well for their first lion hunt. It was decided to build a kind of "hut" of creepers and leaves near the lions' drinking place, in which the boys could hide and fire on the animals when they approached.

That morning Ralph had killed a small roe.

"MME. MELBA—SQUEAK WILL NOW SING 'GOOD-BYE SUMMER.'"



Invited to a musical tea-party yesterday afternoon, my pets played a great joke on the company by means of a gramophone. It is the funniest thing they have ever done.

Splendid News
for Boys and Girls

HERE you are!—the funniest paper you ever saw is out TO-DAY. It is quite different from any other paper and is entitled—"Film Fun." In its pages you will find all the REAL film comedians in funny pictures and stories every week. If you go to the pictures you must laugh at "Film Fun"—you simply can't help it! Get a copy of No. 1 to-day and you won't stop laughing from the moment you see the first line until you have seen the last line on the last page.

Look at this grand list of "stars" appearing in TO-DAY'S issue:

Ten Large Pictures
of WINKLE in
"HIS DAY OUT."



Written by "FATTY" Himself.

A Rattling School
Yarn by the famous
Roscoe Arbuckle.

A grand New Serial Story.



By
JACK FORDWYCH

A Real Scream in One Reel.

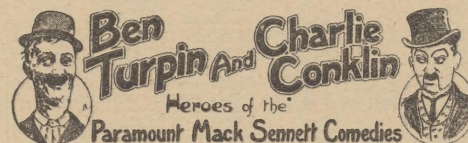


A Complete Humorous Yarn every week.

6 Splendid Art Plates Given Away FREE
No. 1. "FATTY" ARBUCKLE—TO-DAY

A full page of
Pictures—
"MONKEY TRICKS."

A series of Six
Funny Pictures
Every Week.



A Real Scream
—in Ten Reels—
this week:
"Their 'Taking' Little Ways."

and numerous other laughter-raising features.

Buy a copy, with FREE plate inside, TO-DAY





THE POINT OF OUR GREAT SALE—OPPORTUNITY

THE HACKNEY FURNISHING CO., LTD. GIGANTIC WINTER SALE OF VALUABLE SECOND-HAND FURNITURE 15 p.c. DISCOUNT TO CASH BUYERS.

All to be Sold Below Cost Price. Send for Catalogue.
Cash or Credit. Weekly, Monthly or Quarterly Terms.

You may take full advantage of our Easy Terms without hindering security or paying Extra Interest, and your payments may be extended over a period to suit your convenience.
Any article purchased now may remain at the Depositories free until required.

On View Daily 9 till 7 (Saturdays included). Thursday we close at 1 o'clock.

THOUSANDS OF BARGAINS

displayed in our huge Showrooms, including Bedroom Suites, Cabinets, Sideboards, Bedsteads, Drawing Room and Dining Room Suites, Pianos, Carrots, etc., etc.
No Interest. No Deposit. Free Lino and Fire Insurance.

All Goods packed and delivered free. Carpets and Lino laid free. Country customers' fares paid on orders over £20 worth. Goods stored 12 months free.

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HOURS OF BUSINESS: 9 till 7 (Saturdays included).

Telephone: 3030 Dalston.

Telegrams: "Furnitures, London."

DEATH.

CAUSIER.—At East Dulwich, on Sunday, 11th inst., in her 88th year, Ethel Mary (nee Nutting), dearly beloved wife of Arthur Joseph Mitchell Causier, Funeral from 135, East Dulwich-road, S.E. 22. Internment Forest Hill Cemetery, Haverstock Park, at noon, Thursday, 15th inst.

PERSONAL.

TRY arrange latter part week.—Petter.
FLOSS.—The best of wishes, all well.—47.
FRANK.—Present address 37, Caulfield-road, Peckham, S.E.—Daily Marshall.
LOVE.—A Green Parrot, near Willersden Junction. 61 Roward—81, Tubbs-road, Harlesden, N.W. 10.
TWO Ex-W.A.A.C.—M. D. and Y. B.—Are you "sporty"? No address—no reply.—Domesticated Ex-servicemen.
TO J. S. M.—Please tell me where you are or see me. The strain of not knowing is more than I can explain here, believe me. You are never out of my thoughts.—A.
MOLES, New, Superluous Hair, and like Blemishes! Why not call and learn from the Managers at Pomroy's how easily such troubles may be removed by the fully qualified experts employed? Consultation free.—Mrs. Pomroy, Ltd., 29, Old Bond-street, London, W. 1, and Kensington, 185, High-street, (Telephone: Palace 2,427 and 2,428, West End Extension).

TRUNKS and suit cases, strong second-hand, in leather or canvas; also-lined trunks for the Colonies; wardrobe trunks; all sizes at new-year prices.—Anglo-American Trunk Association (manufacturers), 62, Strand, W.C. opposite Charing Cross Hospital, and 112, Southampton-row, W.C. next door to post office.

SUPERFLOUS Hair permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only.—Miss Florence Wood, 23, Granville-garden, Shepherd's Bush Green, W. 12.
CAMERAS bought for cash. Double pay offered for modern instruments.—35, Lodgegate-hill, 111, Oxford-st. and branches. (Est. 1756).

CHILLBLAINS.—Instant relief.—Ambrose Candie, 1a, 34; all chemists or pharmacists.—49, Mortimer-street, W. 1.
BOILS, Acne, etc.—Stamoxyl Tablets, 5s.; all chemists or pharmacists.—49, Mortimer-street, W. 1.
BETTER buy "Beehive Boots" and have the Best!

The above advertisements are charged at the rate of Eightpence per word (minimum eight words). Trade Advertisements in Personal Column, One Shilling per word. Name and address of sender must always be sent. Address, Advertisement Manager, "Daily Mirror," 25-29, Boulevard, London, E.C. 4.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.

FINEST Teeth, Perfect Treatment and how to obtain them.—Write Secretary, The Dental Chambers, 57, Baker-street, W. 1.

LADY REDD'S Teeth Society, Ltd.—Gas extractions, 2s. Teeth at Hospital Prices.—Write Miss Gordon, 80a, 124, Oxford-street, Marble Arch. Phone Mayfair 6559.

DRESS.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.

REAL Fur Trimmings, best, 4 and 5s. 6d. 1 Muffs, 1 head, 3 tails, 7s. 6d. 1 Cape, 6s. 6d. Appearance equal to best Black Fox—Leeds Bargain Co. (D.M.), 31, Colindale, Leeds.

START Your Trouseaux.—French Convent Handmade Lingerie, in Sets or single garments; Trouseaux and Layettes; Camisoles, etc., from 6s. 6d.; and 3 stamps for Catalogue.—Caroline, Ltd., 24, New Bond-street, London, W. 1.
TROUSSEAU, 54s. 6d.; reliable; 2s. 11d. 3 stamps for Catalogue.—Mrs. Lake, 95, Tottenham-rd, N. 15.

WOOL, double knitting, for jumpers; colors, ivory, rose, putty, navy, emerald, silver grey, only 15s. 9d. per pound.—Nelson Knitting Co., Nelson-st., Rotherham-on-Sea.

WEDGWOOD BORN "Harris Tweeds, direct from the weavers' hand home; buy direct and save money.—Sampler free, Dept. D.M., 30, Rotherham, O.D.B. Harris.

TEETH

REPAIRS
WHILE
YOU WAIT

FITTED IN
FOUR
HOURS.

Complete 15/-
Set
With seven years' written guarantee.

Gold Filling 10/6

Single Teeth 2/-

Teeth Painlessly Extracted 1/-

Teeth Painlessly Extracted with gas 2/-

Decayed Teeth Stopped 2/-

OUR PRICES.

ORDINARY PRICES.

Complete Set of Artificial Teeth	£0 15 0	Ordinary Price	... £5 5 0
Single Artificial Teeth	... 0 2 0	Ordinary Price	... 0 10 6
Teeth Painlessly Extracted	... 0 1 0	Ordinary Price	... 0 2 6

No one can look their best with broken, decayed or disfigured teeth. If you yourself desire perfect teeth and a hundred per cent. better appearance, go to Williams to-day. How you have the advantage of the highest skilled dentistry at fees that are a revelation of cheapness. There is no waiting. Advice is given free. If unable to call, drop a postcard for free booklet "Perfect Teeth," which will be sent post free.
MENTION THIS PAPER.

WILLIAMS TEETH CO., LTD.

213, PICCADILLY, W. 1 (Three doors from Piccadilly Circus.)

141, NEWINGTON CAUSEWAY, S.E. 1.

18 & 20, OXFORD STREET, W. 1. (Next door to Oxford Music Hall.)

291, 293, Gray's Inn Rd., King's Cross, W.C. 1.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADDELPHI. "WHO'S HOOPER?" W. H. BERRY. To-night, at 8. Wed and Sat, 2. (Ger. 2645).
ALDWICH.—Tonight, 8.15. SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE. Iris Hoey, Franklin Dyal, Mats, Thurs, Sala, 2.30.
ALHAMBRA.—2.30 and 7.30. A TALE OF TWO CITIES and THE KEEPER OF THE DOOR.
APOLLO. TILLY OF BLOOMSBURY. Boucher. 8.15. Mats, Thurs, Sat, 2.30.
AMBASSADORS.—Eves, at 8.15. "SYLVIA'S LOVERS." Matinee, Tuesday and Saturday, at 2.30. (Ger. 2480).
COMEDY.—Nightly, at 8.30. "THREE WISE FOOLS." A Comedy in 3 Acts. Mats, Tues and Sat, at 2.45.
COMEDY.—MATS ONLY, DAILY (except Tues and Sat), at 2.30. "HIS HAPPY HOME," a Farce.
NOTE.—These Matinees do not interfere with usual performances of "Three Wise Fools." COMEDY.
COVENT GARDEN OPERA HOUSE.—Eves (except Thursday), 8. Mats, Wed and Sat, 2.30. HAMLEY.
COURT.—Eves, at 8. MAURICE MOSCOWITCH in THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. Mats, Wed and Sat, at 2.
CRITERION.—"LORD RICHARD IN THE PANTRY." Cyril Maude, Connie Ediss. Eves, 8.30. Thurs, Sat, 2.30.
DAYS.—THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS. To-day at 2 and 8. Matinees, Tues and Sat, at 2.
DUKE OF YORKS.—2.30, 8.30. ROBERT LOURINE in ARMS AND THE MAN. Mats, Thurs, Sat, 2.30.
GARRICK.—Eves, 8.15. Matinee, Wed, Sat, 2.30. THE ECLIPSE. Alfred Lester, Teddie Gerard.
GLOBE.—Mr. Marie Lohr. Nightly, at 8.15. THE VOICE FROM THE MIRENAT. Mats, Wed and Sat, 2.15.
HAYMARKET.—Eves, 8.30. 2.30. DADDIES. A. E. Matthews, Mary Jerrold, Emily Brooke, Geo. Tully.
HIS MAJESTY'S.—CHU CHIN CROW (4th YEAR). Nightly, at 8. Mats, Mon, Wed, Thurs, Sat, 2.15.
HOLBORN EMPHIRE.—(Hol. 3587). "LITTLE WOMEN" from New Theatre. To-day and Daily, at 2.15.

KINGSWAY.—"IN THE NIGHT." Evenings, at 8.30. Matinee, Monday, Tuesday and Friday, at 2.30.
LONDON PAVILION.—Eves, 8.20. Mats, Tues, Sat, 2.30. APGAR. ALICE DELYSIA. John Humphreys.
LYCEUM.—Twice daily, at 2 and 7. Lycium Fantomina. DUCK WHITTINGTON. 8d. to 7s. 6d. inclusive.
LYRIC. THE BIRD OF PARADISE. Eves, at 8. Mats, Wed and Sat, at 2.15.
LYRIC. HAMMERSMITH.—Nightly, 8. Mats, Wed, Th, Sat, 2.30. "ABRAHAM LINCOLN" by John Drinkwater.
MASKELINE'S THEATRE OF MYSTERY.—At 3 and 5. New (Reg. 4465). PETER PAN, by J. M. Barrie.
MATINEES DAILY at 2.
NEW.—Nightly, at 8.45. IRENE VANBRUGH in "MR. PIM PASSES BY." At 6.15, Leslie Harrill at Piano.
OXFORD.—Eves, 8.15. Mats, Thurs, Sat, 2.30. "MAGGIE." Musical Play. George Graves, Winifred Barnes.
CHARLES HARTLEY, Gladys Cooper. Mats, Thurs, Sat, 2.30.
PRINCE OF WALES.—Leo White in "Andre Charlotte's BEAN PIE." Eves, at 8. Mats, Wed, Fri, Sat, 2.15.
PRINCES.—8.15. "Trial by Jury" and "The Sorcerer." Tomorrow (Mat). "The Sorcerer" (Eve). "Gondoliers."
QUEEN'S.—"THE CINDERELLA MAN." Eves, at 8.15. Mats, Thurs and Sat, at 2.30.
QUEEN'S HALL.—To-day and Fri, 2.30, 8.30. Th, 2.30; S, 8.30. LOWELL THOMAS. "With Allenby in Palestine." CHARLEY'S AUNT TWICE DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.
ROYAL PATHE.—To-night, at 8.15. "TIGER ROSE." Marjory Campbell as "Tiger Rose." Mats, Mon, Wed and Sat, 8.30. (Museum 6010). PIPINELLA, a Musical Fantasy. Mats, Daily, at 8. Also Thurs and Sat Eves, at 8.
SHAFESBURY.—(Gerard 6666). Eves, 8. Matinee Wed and Sat, 2.15. BABY THURSTON. Musical Play. ST. JAMES.—Henry Ainley in "JULIUS CÆSAR." Nightly, at 8. Matinee, Wed and Sat, at 2.
ST. MARTIN'S.—DAILY, at 2.30, and Sat, 2.15, at 7.30. A New Fairy Play. "ONCE UPON A TIME."

STRAND.—Nightly, at 8.30. THE CRIMSON ALIBI. Kyrle Bellamy, A. E. George. Mats, Wed, Sat, 2.30.
VAUDEVILLE.—Nelson Keys in New Edition. "BUZZ BUZZ." Evenings, 8.15. Mats, Tues, Thurs, Sat, 2.30.
VICTORIA PALACE.—To-day and Daily, at 2. WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS. Prices, 7s. 6d. to 1s.
WINTER GARDEN.—KISSING TIME. Eves, 8. Mats, Thurs and Sat, 2.15. George Grossmith, Leslie Henson, WYNDHAM'S.—Nightly, 8.15. Gerald du Maurier in THE CHOICE, by Alfred Saito. Mats, Wed, Sat, 2.30.
COLISEUM.—(Ger. 7541). 2.30, 7.45. Phyllis Nelson-Terr, Augustus York and Robert Leonard, Lole Fuller.
HIPPODROME, London.—Daily, 2.30 and 8.30. The new "JOY-HELLS." Shirley Kelloos, George Robey, Ger. 650.
THE PALACE.—THE WHILLING. Evenings, 8.30. Matinee, Wed, Thurs and Sat, 2.30.
PALADIUM.—2.50, 8. 8.45. Marie Lloyd, Hatty King, Lorna and Toots Pounds, Percy Horri, Geo. Mozart, etc.
PHILHARMONIC HALL.—Daily 2.30, 8.30, Shackleton. Marvellous Moving Pictures. 8s. 6d. to 1s. 5d.
POLY CINEMA, Regent-street, Oxford-circuit.—"The End of the Road" (The Hidden Planet). For adults only.
THE YPRES SALIENT.—Lt.-Col. Beckles Willson's Film Story, Central Hall, Westminster, To-day, 2.30, 8.30.
NEW GALLERY KINEMA.—"Romance of Farsan." at 2.30, 8.30, 9.20. Fanny Ward in The Japanese Nightingale.
OLYMPIA.—Royal Victory Circus and Allied Fair.—Last week. Circus, 2 and 8 p.m. each day.

MARKETING BY POST.
CIGARETTES.—Assommoir, older, Virginia Cigarettes, 16s. lb., containing about 360, post free, 16s. each order.—Aram and Lewis, 65, Finsbury-pavement, E.C. 2.
THREMAN'S Handy Knife-Cleaning Machine, 1s. 8d. post free; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Threman, 52, Regent-street, W.

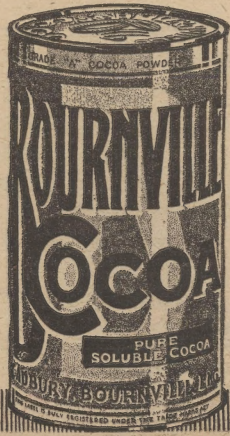
DANCING.
PIC O'DANCES, Piccadilly Theatre.—Eve, dress or uniform; altus, 3.15; 7s. 6d. Test, eves, 8.15; 10s. to 12s. 6d.

BOURNVILLE COCOA

THIS is the tin that guarantees the quality and purity of the contents. It contains Bournville Cocoa, popular for its flavour and famous for the fact that it is—

MADE BY

Cadbury.



Daily Mirror

Tuesday, January 13, 1920.

GREAT GALE DAMAGE.

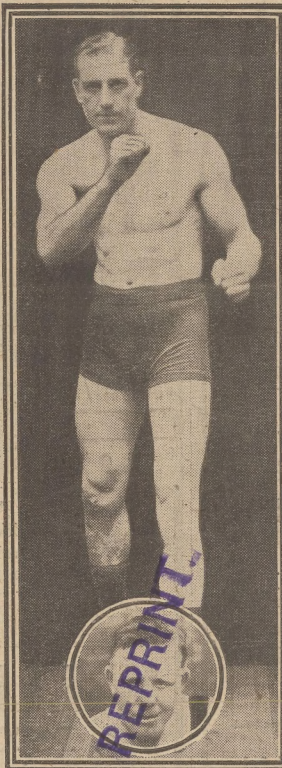


A hangar at the Hounslow aerodrome, which was blown about sixty yards, damaging two houses.



"It's an ill wind." The timber will come in useful for fuel now coal is so scarce.

HEAVYWEIGHTS.



Bombardier Billy Wells, the ex-heavyweight champion of England, and Harry Reeve, the English heavy-weight (inset), who will meet at the Canterbury on the afternoon of January 27.

THE SIGN OF THE TIN HAT.



The badge of the Ex-Service Professional and Commercial Association, which has been formed to protect the interests of men in business on their own. The members will display the sign outside their shops or offices.



ENTERTAINER DEAD.—Sam Walsh, who has died at Crouch End after a long illness. He was a Lieutenant in the R.C.A.



WELL-EARNED REST.—Mr. J. S. Humphries, of the Wimbledon Brigade, who attended 2,000 fires, is retiring after long service.



The Lord Mayor and Aldermen holding a grand court of wardrobe at the Guildhall to swear in the beadle.



BAREHEADED BEADLES.—Waiting to be sworn in. To see these City officials without their hats is a rare sight, for they keep their heads covered even in the presence of the King. See news pages.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



Countess of Selkirk, widow of the 9th and last Earl, who has died at her Kirkcudbright residence, aged eighty-nine.



Mr. Arthur Heywood, of Totting, is the unknown soldier who rescued a boy and a girl from drowning at East Molesey. He will be awarded a medal.



A BIG OUTPUT.—Woolwich Arsenal is producing war medals at the rate of about 67,000 a week. The majority of the 300 employees are ex-soldiers, one of whom is seen striking the medals, the first of twenty-seven processes. There are two shifts day and night.